

Words aren't always enough (George)

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Words aren't always enough (George)

by [QuackStack](#)

Summary

George struggles with words.

Well, not necessarily words as a whole, but expressing genuine affection through words.

At first, when words were all they had— it could get frustrating. Being hundreds of miles away, talking behind a screen, the options were limited in expressing their admiration for one another.

But George just couldn't manage the words out that often. Every once in a while he could force himself to say it, but the instances were few and far between. Even when he could manage it, the words fit awkwardly in his mouth and left an odd feeling on his tongue. It just didn't feel right— didn't feel like enough. He just wasn't good at this affection thing.

At least that's the narrative the three of them had accepted until they all met up.

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George is very affectionate.

Not with his words, but physically. He seemed to always be touching at least one of them. Sitting between them, resting his head on Sapnap's shoulder as he absentmindedly played with Dream's hand. The way he traced shapes onto their skin whenever they were in reach. The way he sprawled across them whenever he got the chance. He didn't seem particularly conscious of these actions either.

His two boyfriends were particularly fond of the almost offended look on his face when one of them stood up— they felt it necessary to explain themselves: needing to get water, go to the bathroom, get a snack— whatever it may be. Their explanations seemed to satisfy George only somewhat, a small pout seemed ever present on his face until they returned. Though, the way his eyes lit up once they would return, a sudden return of energy that he likely didn't even notice was gone.

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George isn't one for PDA.

He initially seemed impossibly embarrassed at the prospect of holding either of their hands in public, not liking the idea of putting his feelings out for public display. In spite of this, he was incredibly restless, flexing and unflexing his hands, not knowing what to do with them when all his brain was screaming at him was to reach out— touch them— hold them— He stuffed his hands in his pockets until they got back to the house.

Behind closed doors, George seemed to never get enough.

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George is bad at multitasking.

He either poorly does multiple things at once or goes all in for a single thing, and as a result it was very difficult to do things when they first met up. All George wanted to do was be with them. He felt incredibly embarrassed being so needy but ultimately he couldn't manage to push aside his impulses after so long of not being able to act on them at all.

He was right next to Dream as he streamed, having pulled a chair up right next to Dream's. George didn't speak, instead fully involved in just watching him play and listening to his voice. George found the way he laughed incredibly lovely— so loud and unapologetic and happy.

When a donation rolled in asking where Sapnap and George were, Dream passively remarked about the two practically being asleep given the three's already poor sleep schedules and travel exhaustion.

Initially George wanted to challenge that statement, he really couldn't sleep much at all, how could he when the two men he loved so much were right there with him? And yet he found himself not able to really argue, everything feeling so much like a dream he genuinely feared waking up and not being with them anymore.

He just let out a little "I'm awake" getting a soft laugh out of Dream.

"Hardly, and Sap is completely out."

George didn't make any other comments, briefly looking at the other monitor to see twitch chat rolling through too many messages to read, but seeing quite the number of hearts and a few messages in all caps he could catch saying simple aws. He also caught some partial messages commenting on him sounding sleepy or wishing them good rest. George turned his attention back to Dream's game play

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Not too long into the three's time together, they found themselves in a comfortable pattern, their intense emotions relaxing enough to function like actual people again.

George often found himself clinging to whoever he walked past, hugging them until they pulled away. More often than not they'd tease him briefly but the comments never sounded quite like their usual brand of teasing— sounding much too fond.

Strangely, kisses with George were brief. He becomes flustered easily with actions that involve continuous active participation. He much preferred passive affection, the kind that continued until you actively stopped it— like hugs. As a result when he did go in for a kiss it was a quick peck, one neither boy could really reciprocate before it was over.

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The two remember the night George had learned about three taps.

While cuddling on the couch, Sapnap had tapped George on his thigh three times and George looked over. Sapnap was watching something on his phone, earbuds in.

George poked him to get his attention. Earbuds removed, he turned his head, looking somewhat confused at George.

"What?" George asked

Sapnap turned his body some to face George better, having been practically laying on him. "What do you mean what? You poked me." Sapnap put his phone down completely in his lap, giving George his full attention.

"You tapped me first, what did you need?" George said, sounding a little impatient, though he really couldn't be. What else did he have to do, afterall?

A look of realization dawned on Sapnaps face, "Oh, wait no. I just tapped you three times." George looked pointedly Sapnap. A look that Sapnap thought seemed to scream 'no shit, dumbass'. A small giggle bubbled out of him.

"Yeah, I felt it. What did you need?" George asked.

There was a short pause.

“That's just a way to say I love you,” Sapnap's voice sounded soft, a dorky smile on his face as he looked at George, “I love you,” He reiterated.

“Oh.”

“Yeah, I thought it was well known but I guess your british ass never's heard of it.” Sapnap responded with a light laugh.

George rolled his eyes, settling back in somewhat, Sapnap doing the same.

It only took a few moments before Sapnap felt three quick taps on his arm. George watched a cute smile grow on Sapnap's face and felt a smile spread on his own as he fully relaxed. It was only a half hour after that Sapnap felt another three, he reciprocated without looking up from his phone.

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While Dream pouted about having to do dishes, George lingered, helping him out, hanging off of him, giving him a peck on the cheek, and eventually tapping him three times on his hand. Dream reciprocated, having already been familiar with the concept and done the same with Sapnap. George smiled, pleased.

Over the next few hours George found himself tapping them anytime his hands found their way to them, which was quite frequent.

Even in the moments he wasn't touching, little taps in counts of three could be heard all over. On the table, on his laptop, on his phone case. He couldn't help it really, he finally had a way that wasn't so hard to do to say exactly how much they meant to him.

Neither Sapnap nor Dream could find themselves complaining, each tap filling their hearts as they responded in turn.

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George loves them a lot. Each one of them feels so intensely.

A sharp pain stabs his heart as the day they would separate again began to approach uncomfortably close on the calendar.

If the two notice the grip of their clothes when he hugs them throughout the day being tighter than usual, they certainly don't comment on it. And if George notices them not pulling away quite as soon—the smile as they comment on his long hugs not quite reaching all the way to their eyes, and teasing laughs sounding more hollow—well, George isn't one to point out such things.

Three taps and quiet “I love you’s” are heard throughout the too quiet house, the three practically glued to each other as they relished in their last days together until the next time. By the final day they were already planning the next visit, not able to bear not knowing when they next could look forward to seeing each other again.

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Through the microphone the next time they talked after they separated, Dream and Sapnap heard three quick taps on some hard surface.

A choked laugh bubbles its way to the surface of Dreams throat. Dream becomes vaguely aware of tears pricking the corners of his eyes. “I love you too.”

Sapnap found himself choked up as well, tapping three times on his desk as he tried to swallow past the lump in his throat. “—so much” he could manage quietly.

They all felt a little bit silly feeling so intensely for the other two, but none of the three could help it as they sat in silence wanting nothing more in that moment than to be with each other again.

They each sat there wanting to say something— anything as the silence hung in the air. Dream and Sapnap suddenly found themselves understanding George with newfound clarity, the feelings that used to seem to be perfectly expressed through the words they had, now seemed too much to articulate.

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They started up a stream, each laughing and killing each other as they played. They were using some stupid plugin that was essentially a game of tag: whoever was it had to kill one of the others, making them respawn in a random location within a certain block distance of the others, leaving them to try to ambush and hunt them down.

George had been killed the most times. Sapnap has gotten away from many close calls from Dream, being fairly used to countering his play style. It almost seemed like it was only really Sapnap and George playing, Dream would occasionally get caught and killed but would quickly kill one of the others— never being it for too long.

Crazed laughs and taunting “Oh George~” and “Sapnap~” being a constant stream from his mouth even though he wasn’t officially supposed to be hunting. George thought briefly about that one frog and scorpion folk tale, wondering if there was something about Dream’s nature that led him to constantly be on the hunt while they played.

By the end of the stream each was somewhat out of breath from all the laughs and screaming. George’s cheeks hurt from the constant smile he maintained.

Once the stream ended, they each got back into their routines: Dream standing up and stretching before heading to the bathroom to shower, Sapnap making his way into the living room to put something on the TV, and George rummaging through the kitchen for something to eat. He eventually decided to just grab an apple from the counter and went to the living room, sitting next to Sapnap, giving him three quick taps on his leg as he took a bite. “Love you too,” was the response as they settled in.

George needed to stand again not too long after to throw away his apple core, he washed his hands from the sticky juice and wiped his mouth with a damp paper towel when suddenly he was being held from behind, a head rested in the crook of his neck.

He turned the water off, leaving the paper towel on the counter to deal with later— after all, he had something more important right there with him.

“You took a quick shower,” George remarked

Dream kissed his neck before pulling away and loosening his grip on the other, letting George turn around to face him, though he got pulled back into a hug. George hugged back, tapping three times on Dream’s back.

“I love you too.”

Dream eventually let go, George would have been content hugging forever. George threw out his paper towel and the two made their way into the living room and sat on either side of Sapnap,

George lacing his and Sapnap's fingers together and resting his head on his shoulder.

Sapnap gave three quick kisses to the top of George's head.

George couldn't think of any better place to be in that moment.

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